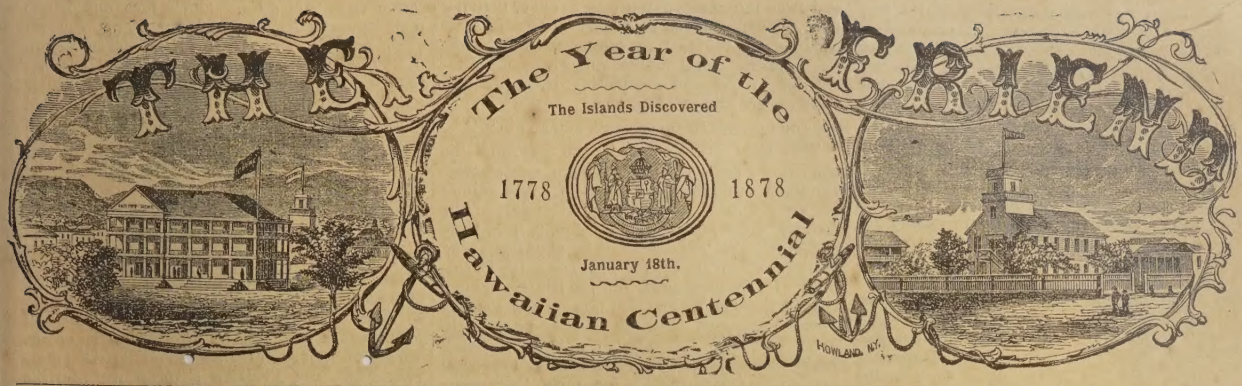


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# THE FRIEND.

FEBRUARY 1, 1878.


## FIRST HAWAIIAN CENTENNIAL.

1778—JANUARY 18—1878.

On the morning of the 18th of January one hundred years ago, the ships under Captain Cook's command approached this group from the South Pacific. We find this record in the journal of the voyage:

"We continued to see birds every day, and between 10° and 11° we saw several turtle. All these are looked upon as signs of the vicinity of land. However we discovered none till daybreak on the morning of the 18th, when an island made its appearance bearing northeast by east, and soon after we saw more land bearing north, entirely detached from the former."

The island first seen was Niihau, and on the following day his ships anchored in the roadstead of Waimea, Kauai.

The centennial anniversary of the discovery of the islands, was observed in Honolulu by a royal salute (at 12 o'clock noon) of 21 guns from the battery on Punchbowl, and by the U. S. S. *Pensacola* and H. I. German Majesty's ship *Elizabeth*. In the afternoon the marines and seamen of the latter, numbering about 300, marched out to the Kulaokahua plains for the purpose of a grand review. The following paragraph, in reference to the review, we clip from the *Advertiser* of the 19th ult.:

"Yesterday, some three hundred or more officers and men landed from H. I. German Majesty's ship *Elizabeth*, now lying in port, and proceeded to Kulaokahua plains for practice in military tactics. His Majesty the King, the Queen, their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses Lydia Kamakaeha and Miriam Likelike, several high dignitaries of the government, foreign officials, and members of the King's staff, were present. The troops, armed with muskets, went through the manual of arms, marching and countermarching, with a degree of expertness and precision that we never remember to have seen exceeded anywhere. Then followed a "sham fight," wherein a redoubt was gradually approached by an assaulting army, and after a gallant defense compelled to surrender. The artillery, consisting of two brass field-pieces, was managed with wonderful alertness. It was really a brilliant affair, and much appreciated by the crowds of spectators on foot, on horseback and in carriages."

In the evening a torch-light procession, accompanied by a band of music, enlivened the city by its marching through all the principal streets. Thus has passed Hawaii's centennial,—it is for those who come after us to observe the next. In the words of Longfellow, we say, "Look not mournfully upon the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

—Since the above was in type, we have learned that the Centennial was enthusiastically remembered at Lahaina, and we are promised a publication of Mr. Gibson's Address. We have long hoped Mr. Gibson would prepare something becoming the occasion and more permanent than a short address. We know that he has been "reading up" the history of Commerce and Discovery in the Pacific ever since Cape Horn was first "doubled," or the old Spaniard first caught a glimpse of this ocean over the Isthmus of Panama. We know of no writer who could execute a work of this nature more skillfully or elegantly than Mr. Gibson, whose facile pen glides over paper as gracefully as the smooth keel cuts the ocean's wave.

WRECKED.—The *H. N. Carlton*, from China, is reported as having drifted ashore on Molokai with 400 immigrants,—all saved. About 100 have arrived in Honolulu per Hawaiian schooner *Kinau*. The U. S. S. *Pensacola* has left for the scene of disaster, to render assistance.

## RAMBLES IN THE OLD WORLD—No. 13

ELBERFELD, December 12, 1877.

This is my last date from Elberfeld. While here I have been studying with an earnestness the languages, which has helped to bridge over much of the time, which was lost in Geneva. I find the German a tremendously difficult language, and it requires the greatest effort if one would learn it elegantly. I have just finished the first part of Goethe's Faust and other general reading. Now that three or four different literatures are opening up before me, and there are an infinite number of things which are pressing on me in the way of study, it seems as if the days were not long enough. The German literature is an enormous mine, and as I look down into the shaft where the candle of a growing knowledge of the language is beginning to light the way, I feel almost perplexed before the many ways which open before me. I send two copies of the London "Literary World." I have been much pleased with the fresh healthy tone of the criticisms on the most recent English books. I am sure you will enjoy the outlook it gives in current English literature. I have of late been reading some of Joseph Cook's lectures, especially the last. What a wonderful man he is. He seems to hold a sword of flame. I heard about him years ago when I was in college, but he had almost faded out of mind till my remembrance was quickened in hearing of his descent upon Boston, where he seems to have operated like a heaven-sent inspiration. I have heard some concerts lately. One, the Messiah of Handel, which was grand beyond any words which I have at hand to express, and they seem to have stirred all the music-love within me.

But I must hasten to give you my impressions of Cologne, which I promised you in my last.

COLOGNE.

(The Colonia Agrippinensis of the Romans).

"There are cities and cities." Some of them make one think of those sleek, shining poplars which stretch away for miles, marking the highways in France straight as an arrow, disdaining every curving line, precise and proper as if their million leaves had issued from the same mould. But now and then you come across one that makes you think of a splendid old oak, half uprooted perhaps but which still throbs with an irrepressible life, twisted and quaint and hoary, from its giant roots to its verdant crest, a thing of beauty, its net-work of branches and boughs and billows of greenery, making a fitting home for singing birds, and casting wide generous shadows in which travelers love to linger when the noon sun grows hot. There are cities like those houses which face me as I sit writing you, and as I live in one on the same street, I can tell you how they look within, from cellar to garret, though I have never been in them, being confident they have been turned out by the same

architectural genius as ours, and that they have all the latest modern improvements and conveniences. (Have you ever heard of one of these "modern brown stone fronts" being *haunted* or as having a *history?*) But there are some few cities which have in part drifted into our busy nineteenth century whirl which are neither like the arrowy poplars or fashionable city houses, but resemble more our splendid old oak. I talked to you so long about one last winter, namely Geneva, that I am a little afraid of mentioning another for fear that you may not like me to start into its history. But they are so very different in many respects that perhaps you will linger with me a little in the narrow streets of *Cologne*. You think in a moment of the cathedral and of "*Johann Maria Farina*," and say you know as much about it as if you had been there forty times, for haven't a thousand and one people written about them? But I take it that the majority of travelers on the Rhine don't see the best part of Cologne after all. One needs to live near it and see it by degrees, to visit it again and again, diving down under its flaring surface of modern hotels and railway stations into its quaint and shadowy past, something as you step from the gorgeously "restored" church above into the cool, untouched, time-stained crypt below, with the feeling that you have reached something more historic and attractive in its plainness than all the scarlet and blue and gold in the choir above. Cologne will pay you for your study. What a mistake two-thirds of our travelers make! They see every city from Paris to Constantinople, from Naples to Copenhagen, but become *citizens* of none. Better one, which shall prove as an abiding and continual source of pleasure, than a thousand seen a la Cook. People have forgotten the beautiful meaning as well as the art itself of "*Sauntering*." That has disappeared with the pilgrim's staff and cockle-shell, a pilgrimage to "*Sainte Terre*." And so it seems to me that our travels should be; let us seek scenes rich in mines of history and poetry and religion, which shall indeed be to us "Saintes Terres" and see them in such a manner that in after years they shall come to us not with memories of feverish haste and confusion but with messages of beauty and inspiration.

One of the best approaches to Cologne is by the magnificent iron bridge which spans the Rhine at this point, and seems a fitting entrance to the "City of the Saints." This appellation you feel convinced the city deserves, as you count the spires and towers and domes which face us as we stand on our high perch above the Rhine. The city from this point presents a very majestic appearance, skirting the river as far as your eye can reach, and kneeling at the feet of its splendid Cathedral, which seems at last in a fair way to realize that glorious vision which floated down to earth centuries ago. I like to think of Cologne best at evening, at that uncertain time when the day stands for a moment to look back at the coming night, and as if in token of friendliness throws into its shadows showers of gold. Then it is that the airy pinnacles and spires of her churches glow and gleam, while the dusk has come in her streets below. It seems as if the city for the moment typified its history,—standing in its half-lights. They tell us to look so far back that were it not for the lights of many discoveries, and ancient records it would be hard to find our way. The Ubii came one day, little dreaming of what lay in the unborn centuries and crossing the Rhine made here their home. And then when Christianity was yet young and cherished only in a few loving hearts, the mother of Nero, Agrippina, founded in A. D. 50, the colony which was at length to become the city, whose many bells at evening and morning chime the triumph of that faith which to-day girdles the earth. Constantine has left here the mark of his presence. Wave after wave of war has flowed over; bishops and archbishops have here ruled and prayed and fought; it has nourished trade and commerce; cradled artists when art first began to portray for men heavenly visions caught in the intervals of rest from war and bloodshed, and risen into modern times as a busy, thriving city, bringing to us of to-day as its choicest legacy from the past the most beautiful Gothic Cathedral the world knows, and giving the present the privilege of completing it, a privilege which is not being disregarded.

THE CATHEDRAL "DER HOHE DOM ZU KÖLN."

This lofty pile dominates the city, and the country far beyond. In fact there seems something almost omnipresent about it. You cannot get away from it. Sometimes in this part of the country, miles away from Cologne, both in body and mind, you chance to look about you and there far off in the purple distance is the Cathedral. I have been down on the Rhine climbing rugged Drachenfels and still far, far away on the horizon appeared its faint outline against the quiet sky, like the mist of a forming cloud. Every one comes to Cologne to see the Cathedral and says "wonderful," a "miracle," a "poem in stone," the "grandest triumph of the Gothic art," but of course this is vague and unsatisfactory. And yet no one is to blame, no one should be censured for being unable to put into words, that which is above words. You cannot describe color to the blind and you fail if you attempt to picture a Gothic Cathedral to one who has yet this revelation of beauty to enjoy. The world has grown tired of travelers' "raptures" and descriptions which are as destitute of substance as moonbeams. This great "Dom" in whose shadow we are standing has had anything but a calm and peaceful history, but has grandly outridden its storms. Its foundation stone was laid some six hundred years ago; dissensions arose between clergy and people; in the sixteenth century the work on it was abandoned; in the eighteenth the French used it as a hay magazine, but its mission was not yet accomplished. The kings of Prussia came to its rescue. Enormous sums of money have been expended on its completion and restoration and it is hoped that in a few years it will stand complete, perhaps to tell to coming centuries of the energy of this. Wordsworth should have lived to have seen its grand completion, though it will probably be accomplished in a far different way than that of which he sings. You remember his sonnet:

"Oh, for the help of angels to complete
This temple, angels governed by a plan,
How gloriously pursued by daring man
Studious that He might not disdain the seat
Who dwells in heaven! But that inspiring heart
Hath failed; and now, ye Powers! whose gorgeous wings
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try
The midnight virtues of your harmony;
This vast design might tempt you to repeat
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground
Immortal fabrics—rising to the sound
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet."

Means not wholly angelic are being actively employed; the bases of the two grand spires are fully completed, scaffoldings of an enormous size are filled with busy workmen, and little puffs of steam come out from among the stone carvings as splendid blocks and pillars, and capitals are being raised into their place—far, far up in the blue air, where in the years to come they will be better seen by angels above than by men below, I fancy. All day long the ring of the hammer and chisel is heard from the stone-cutters in their blouses, who are turning out leafy capitals, columns, and all manner of ecclesiastical adornments. There is a bustle and stir about it, which is not wholly in harmony with the typical hush and repose of a dim and shadowy Cathedral, and you forget your Gothic ecstacies sometimes in your speculations as to the possibilities of a fall from the scaffolding above. Then there are little matters to ruffle the calm surface of one's esthetic dreams. After looking forward towards a nearer view of this mysterious pile which has loomed up for hours before you as a guiding pillar of "cloud," you come with eager expectation into the "place" which encircles it. But you find your clouds melting away, and with one tremendous tumble you are down on your feet. The *present* blazons itself, the *actual* hugs you so close you forget everything else. First-class, second-class, third class hotels face and flaunt their names in German and French and English at the astonished tourist, in letters large enough to be discovered a mile away. Endless "eau de cologne" establishments flank you with their plate-grass windows. "Valets de Place" and guides rush to give you a smiling welcome and fail to understand your most energetic negatives. "'Busses" and cabs rattle over the stones and the train whistles in and out of the neighboring station. Where is the peace and hush that you are led to expect in such localities. Where are the secluded shades where tonsured monks tell their beads and from which the evening hymn floats up into the listening air? You feel very ridiculous for the moment and just a little more so when you learn that the splendid cathedral before you is mounting up towards heaven on the wings (pecuniary) of a successful lottery enterprise which the Prussian government under the circumstances authorizes.

But after a little, all these minor annoyances fall away from you and in the presence of this wonderful temple which lifts its self and you away for the time into a better, purer atmosphere than that in which men generally live. Architecture, as one of the fine arts, speaks less frequently to us than music or painting or sculpture, but when it does speak there is a depth and eloquence in its utterance which thrills one more truly than that of any of the others. There is an infinite, indescribable "stillness," and calm about these towering walls and thousand statues, a calm which the countless advancing and receding tumultuous waves of life, of travel and traffic at its base are powerless to break. Please don't fancy that I have grown wise in the intricate mazes of architectural art and science or that I would affect a knowledge which I am but too painfully aware I am far from possessing. Yet I think you will sympathize with me when I say that of late, especially in the many visits I have made to this growing glory of Cologne, there has been coming to me an almost solemn sense of what these stately piles are capable of expressing. With us you know, in new countries utility has been of necessity the predominant idea, our houses and churches have been, as a general thing, well adapted to keep off the sun and rain. Those who have lived from the cradle to the grave in the presence of some cathedral, or church which has "petrified" the spirit or genius of the centuries which produced them, which is as much an expression of devotion as the hymns and chants which float away with the incense, can scarcely understand that gradual dawning of a new and beautiful idea on one to whom it is as strange as it is beautiful. I am willing to confess my ignorance, as I have found it has given rise to a pleasure which I had not anticipated.

The Cologne Cathedral has not the wealth and richness of adornment which beautifies that of Milan, but more ornamentation would I think detract from its dignity. It is indeed perfect, perfect enough I should think to strengthen every tired soul that passes into its presence. True enough in all its delicacy of finish in its perfection of sculptured capitals, though hidden almost out of sight, in that union of tenderness and strength to shame all that is craven and false. There is a little spire to which you mount up by many stairs and which you are unwilling to leave. There is before you the city; beyond the fair shores of the Rhine and their bordering hills; but the beauty about you claims your longest gaze, this garden of stone, this magic forest; on the north bare and leafless as if under the reign of the winter, but budding spring-like into a thousand quaint traceries and mimic shapes as your eye follows its further growth, till on the south it bursts into a summer beauty of glorious leafage and bloom. Flying buttresses break the air in their splendid leap. Wierd and terrible shapes are flinging themselves in the gargoyles in a fierce, furious war from the holy spot where their troubled spirits may not rest. While on

every side the pure and graceful Gothic arch points the worshipper heavenwards.

The interior it is needless to say, is very extensive, and has a completeness of finish which is yet lacking in its exterior, I think the majority of visitors are at first disappointed in its size. One expects so much. But come more than once. Stand far down its nave and look up the stately avenue of pillars to the choir, a vista terminating in gleaming windows. Close your eyes and listen to the choristers' chant, to the clear, ringing voices of the boys and the deep, rich responses of the priests and notice how far away they sound. Lean against one of the pillars and see how insignificant you are and how grand your support and then see how they multiply about you; here new groups break upon you and views open before you. How high the roof seems over our head and how dim and distant those painted angels in their golden glories! Does it help you to know measurements? They are sorry help to me. The area is 7,399 square yards, there are four aisles, fifty-six pillars, the nave rises up 145 feet. (Don't you recognize "*Baedeker?*") There are some splendid stained windows ancient and modern, through which the sunshine streams and glorifies the most prosaic object, and statues which never cease their prayers from one century to another. All day long a little worshipful procession of visitors passes up and down its aisles, —you rarely go there without hearing a whispering in English. Here and there some woman is praying. The "Swiss" in his scarlet robe lights the shadows as he passes. Lighted tapers gleam before some shrine. I think I can never forget the quiet scene.

There are many Chapels about the choir, nine in all I think. They show you in the treasury crammed full of gold and jewels, the skulls of the *Magi* brought by the Empress Helena to Constantinople, and which have at last found a resting place here!!! Of course you must believe this, we shall see yet stranger things, if we stay much longer in Cologne. For a moment, but it must be only for a moment you doubt that in these sockets, hidden away in their jewelled coverings, were once the eyes that looked eagerly towards that star flaming in the eastern sky, which was to be their guide to "where the young child lay." Following the curve of the choir we come to a little chapel which enshrines a picture, the "Dombild," styled by Goethe as "the axis on which the history of lower Rhenish art turns." It represents the adoration of the Magi. There are monuments to knights and the Sarcophagi of Bishops, and just as we are turning into the body of the Cathedral again we see "The Assumption" (of Overbeck) the Virgin in her glory, before which tapers often burn. But I have kept you almost selfishly long; the retrospect has been so pleasant for me. We come out by the splendid western entrance, whose facade and spires are to be the crowning glory of it all. So long ago were some of these stones slowly swung into their places, that they have grown old and worn and gray, and here and there a few winged seeds have found a resting place and tinge their nooks with green. Side by side with statues centuries old are rising others fresh from the hand of the artist, the new and old, yet to blend in one symmetrical whole. What a sublime lesson of *patience* these stones seem to teach, as if conscious that, though centuries may come and go, wreck and ruin threaten them, yet in the end they should stand not lone and maimed and scarred but as parts of a perfect, harmonious whole.

Months ago when I said "good-bye" to Cologne I thought I might never see its "Dom" again, but I have seen it many times since, and it gives something always new; I have seen it when the streets were hushed and the early dawn was breaking, and when the dusk fell like a velvet pall over it; have stood among its monuments and shadowy chapels when the thunder roared and the storm hurtled above its roof, and have sat in the luminous, jeweled light with which the sun warmed its twilight aisles. If I have wearied you with words, I shall but see a fitting retribution for attempting the impossible, for my boldness in endeavoring to literalize this poem of the earth and air.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT COLOGNE'S LESSER CHURCHES.

Inspiring as is the Cathedral, there is a historic interest about some of the churches of Cologne which the former hardly possesses. For instance not very far away stands the *Jesuits' Church*, whose bells are cast from canons captured by the valiant Tilly at Magdeburg. They have indeed seen a change from the music of the battle-field to that of Sabbath chimes. Then threading our way through market and shops we reach *St. Ursula*. There is a ghastliness about its ornamentations which seems to have a charm for countless visitors. You have heard the story of this English saint over and over again I am sure—how that she was a princess who was accompanied by her (11,000) eleven thousand virgin attendants, and that while here in Cologne they were all murdered by the heathen. Now there are several conflicting reports about this same lady and her numerous friends, and it requires a most elastic imagination to picture eleven thousand virgins traveling alone around Europe. But whatever other exaggerations there may be, there is no doubt that this is a "place of skulls;" I don't care to be in a more "bony" place. Imagine an ornamental frieze extending around the church and composed of these poor murdered girls' skulls! There are hundreds and hundreds, if not thousands. There they are, brown and ghastly and hideous. Then the Sacristan points to a little iron lattice in the wall and you find that you are walled in by bones, enough to stock any number of museums. I don't mean to be irreverent, but somehow when you see things of this kind in such profusion you become very nearly as hardened as the grave-diggers in "Hamlet." And yet there is an infinite pathos in it all, the thought of all these fair-haired English maidens giving up their lives for that which was pure and holy and right, and that their remains should become so often the jest of idle tourists. You see I am going to believe the legend. Scepticism in travel and in Roman Catholic countries does away with all poetry. Here was the saint herself and there were more skulls with velvet and beaded caps, which the good nuns had sometime worked for their martyred sisters. Then there was the reliquary of St. Hippolytus, I think, who was one of the Christian martyrs and torn to pieces in some dreadful way! And most wonderful of all there were two jars used at the Wedding Feast at Cana of Galilee!! Though these alabaster vases never, I am afraid, held that wine which must have been of such a sweetness as earthly grapes never yield, yet they are interesting mementoes of the days of the crusaders. In the little sacristy there was an unexpected surprise awaiting us. But our surprise lay not in these legendary remains, but in the discovery of that very musical word, *Honolulu*, in the visitors' book over which the Sacristan's candle flared and made Rembrandt effects among the velvet-snooded skulls. We were just a day or so too late, and missed seeing some of our island-people whose names preceded ours by a page or two. If you see Judge Harris, dear FRIEND, give him my kind regards and ask him if he remembers the Sacristy of St. Ursula in the old city of Cologne?

But not to be too long let me give you one or two more names, and then we will cease our church-going for the present. *St. Gereons'* I like immensely. It is so odd and quaint, a little of everything in the way of architecture, and my eye is not easily offended. Gereon and Gregory are the patron saints of Cologne. Before that they were captains in the Theban legion and were with others slain here during the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian. The Empress Helena founded here long ago a church, and the present edifice stands on the site of the old. There are more skulls here! After a while they cease to be surprising. Do you remember those charming books, "Letters from Palmyra" and "The Early Christians"? In the latter, if I am not very much mistaken, there is a graphic account of the persecution under Diocletian. It will always seem more real to me after this tangible reminder of these good men who fell victims to the fury of heathen Rome, in this out-post of the empire. Out again into these winding Cologne streets, almost as labyrinthine as those of Boston, accosting every other person we meet as to the way, we come to St. Peters to see a picture of Rubens. I forgot to look at the church in looking at the picture, but I remember the way in seemed very pretty, a cloister-like walk (with little shrines, at one of which a woman was praying), hemming in a verdant bit of turf and shrubbery. The attraction here is an altar piece, representing the crucifixion of St. Peter. You have to pay to see it of course, but it is more than worth the fee. You see, the *original* picture is not as a general thing turned *toward* the church. It swings on a pivot. There is a copy of it, made by some artist or other who would have done well not to have put his work in such close contrast with that of a master-hand. For a trifle they turn the real Rubens round for you. You who are so wise in church history remember the legend, how that Peter was crucified, in accordance with his humble request, head-downwards. It seems so like him,—just in harmony with his splendid impulsive self, with his eager, tumultuous, tender, loving intensely human-self, so like him who *straightway* left his fisher's net and followed his Lord, who boldly stepped forth upon the treacherous waves, who could even deny his Master and then repent in agony, and who could in the last terrible moment of an awful death seek one yet even more debased than that of Him who was lifted up for his sins. Of course the whole strength of the picture is centered on this great figure. There are soldiers and other figures engaged in their terrible task in fastening the body to the cross, but these have rather faded out of my memory. But I shall not soon forget that powerful, contorted figure with the eyes straining in this fearful anguish, the strong muscular arms tense as iron, the bronze skin which the wind and rain and sun had deepened as he plied his oar on the Lake of Galilee, the crisp, grizzled hair of the valiant old man, and the fearful tinging of the blood in that face so near the earth. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

We might go to *St. Andreas*, to *St. Cunibert*, to *St. Pantaleon*, to *St. Maria in Capitol*, the quaint old basilica which goes back they say to the seventh century, to St. Martin down by the river, with its font a thousand years old, but we have seen enough for one day and will see no more, but instead listen to their many bells which as if by some law of spiritual harmony make no discord as they come to us from every quarter.

JOHANN MARIA FARINA.

You know it is from this fine old city on the Rhine, that for many a year have flowed the fragrant streams of "Eau de Cologne," known all over the world. The original *Farina* seems to have come a long time ago from Italy, and here started the business of making the perfume which has borrowed the name of the Rhenish town. If there was but some way of doing it, I should like to shower a fragrant rain of these perfumes on you, or don't you need the sweetening? They have a poor sort of joke about here, but good enough sometimes to delude the unwary, namely that so plentiful is this liquid that some people bathe in "eau de cologne;" and you can yourself make the boast if you see fit to come here and let on the Rhine water which sweeps by Cologne, into your bath.

There is one of the streets where you go to see the house where *Marie de Medecis* died, an exile in 1642; her heart is under a slab in the cathedral choir. Opposite they once thought Rubens, the great Rubens, was born. By the way, have you noticed what a brilliant Rubens Festival they have been having in Antwerp lately? Isn't it

wonderful what a sway these kings of the Brush and Palette, hold after the lapse of centuries? There is an inscription over the door and a figure in wood of the artist, with the rolling-generous hat-brim and the curling feather, and the artist's face beneath with the short pointed beard and twisted moustache. What a reveller he was in color!

When you come be sure you go to the "*Museum*," where you might spend days. The building was given by some good citizen,—peace to his ashes! There is a little of everything to see, and something to satisfy the most fastidious taste. Room after room of ancient paintings, crucifixions, translations, madonnas without end, last judgments, etc., etc., give a splendid outline of the history of the Cologne school of art. There are modern paintings and old Roman remains, beautiful paintings on glass, statues and many, many other things which I would fain tarry over but may not as the twilight is telling me to hurry. But when you come be sure you stay longest in the quaint lovely little court which the great building surrounds. Somebody with the soul of a poet I am sure, has scattered a thousand old broken stone statues here and there, and bits of Gothic arches and carvings which have been gathered out of the shadows of the past, and all manner of quaint curious objects, and then told the ivy to come and cover their loneliness and nakedness, and the result is the loveliest, most restful, bewitching spot in all Cologne. Be sure and see it.

Then there is the Rath-Haus with its beautiful facade, and don't miss seeing the wharves where there is so much bustle and business and where vessels coming up the Rhine for centuries have stopped, and farther down the river lie some lovely gardens with ferns and palms and vines under the glass that make me forget churches, pictures, art, and bring another vision to me.

For, ever,—

"Sweet the memory is to me
Of a land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains meet,
In the tideless summer seas."

F. W. Damon.

## Recent Polynesian Literature.

From Trubner's American and Oriental Record for December, we glean some interesting items relating to the literature of Polynesia:

The "Grammar and Dictionary of the Samoan Dialect" is about to be published in London, of which the Rev. G. Pratt is the author, and Rev. S. J. Whitmee, F. R. G. S., etc., the editor. "As the Comparative Grammar and Dictionary, of which this is intended to form a part, must necessarily form a very large work not obtainable by most residents in Polynesia, and as it will, under the most favorable circumstances, take many years to complete it, Messrs. Trubner & Co. are about to publish Mr. Pratt's work in a separate form for immediate use by philologists and residents in the Samoan Islands. It will be published in crown 8vo., under the editorship of the Rev. S. J. Whitmee."

Judge Fornander's work on "The Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Race," is also announced as in press, and we may soon expect copies for sale in Honolulu.

A second edition of Dr. Lang's work on "The Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation," greatly enlarged and improved, has appeared as published in Sydney and London. At some future time we hope to notice this work, the first edition having been reviewed at length in the Hawaiian Spectator by the late Rev. Dr. Armstrong (1839). A copy of this work lies before us, and we feel an almost irrepressible desire to notice the attack in it upon the late Rev. Mr. Ellis, author of "Polynesian Researches."

## The Rev. James A. Daly.

Some twenty years ago when passing down Fort street, we met a youth under a corner verandah who had stopped to escape a falling shower. While standing there we said, "Why not leave the printing office and obtain an education?" The seed fell into a genial soil and grew. As a fruit,—we recently received a copy of the *Enterprise* published in Wellington, Ohio, containing an eloquent thanksgiving sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Daly, pastor of the Congregational Church, in the presence of a union audience of the churches of that place.

Mr. Daly was graduated at the college of California before its union with the University, and subsequently studied theology at the Union Theological Seminary of New York. After graduation he visited Europe, and traveled through the Holy Land and Greece. He has been settled in Stockton, Cal., Painsville, Ohio, and is now pastor of the Congregational Church in Wellington.

The sermon above referred to, closes with the following words:

"This good day of God is early yet, the long and strenuous day's work is before us. We are too young to boast, and too well grounded to fear. It is too early to stop for applause, and too late to stop for opposition. 'In the name of our God will we set up our banners.' Grateful, glad, brave, let us face the ampler day which David saw, albeit the vapors of a thousand years intervene.

"Let us work bravely now; there is reward, indemnity, joy in the eternal day of Thanksgiving beyond the horizon of Time."

Photography in Honolulu.—Fine specimens of photography may be seen at Montana's new and large establishment,—also at Dickson's, which has recently been greatly improved. At Montana's, work is skillfully executed on porcelain and watch-faces, which is a new feature in the photographic art in this city.

☞ A letter has been received from Chun Lung, son of Mr. Afong of this city. He writes soliciting aid for his countrymen in North China, who are dying of famine. This young man is member of the senior class in Yale College, and his letter will appear in the next *Advertiser*.

Rev. George Morris.—We rejoice to report that this gentleman, as a temperance lecturer and minister of the gospel, has visited all the principal islands of the group, and has most urgently set forth the claims of the temperance cause and the gospel. He has preached in the Fort Street and Bethel Churches to great acceptance.

## Woman's Influence in the Pacific.

We have often thought of writing an article upon the good influence of woman when cruising on shipboard in the Pacific. There is no question but the wives of Protestant missionaries in Polynesia have been most potent in the spread of Christianity. We would now refer to the happy influence of the wives of shipmasters. When visiting ships in Honolulu harbor, it always affords us delight to learn that the shipmaster is accompanied by his wife. A word of good cheer comes to us upon this point from an old and retired missionary of the London Missionary Society, now residing near Sydney, but formerly a missionary on Aitutaki, one of the Hervey group. He writes under date of Nov. 14th, 1877, as follows:

"My object in writing this is to beg you will do me the favor to inform, through your useful paper the Friend, those kind lady friends that used to call at Aitutaki with their husbands the whaling masters, from your eastern ports,—Mrs. Willis, Mrs. Woodbridge, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Ashley, Mrs. Rose, and I could fill the sheet with the names of others, for whom a warm and sincere friendship was entertained, until the close of life by my dear departed wife, Mrs. Sarah Royle of Manchester, England, working most laboriously in the cause of Christ, under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, at the Hervey group mission for nearly forty years; during that period she never tired in her ceaseless efforts to bring souls to Christ, instructing the young, the wayward female adults, and sought out most tenderly those that were out of the way of virtue and happiness."

Such assurances as these from the aged and venerable missionary, are golden links of Christian friendship uniting the dwellers on the Polynesian Islands with Christian friends in America and England.

In noticing woman's wide-spread and happy influence, the sentiment of Thackeray is recalled to mind, "A good woman is the loveliest flower that blooms under heaven"; also that of Luther, "There is nothing sweeter on earth than the heart of a woman where piety dwells."

Thanks.—Ours are due to Captain Martin Robinson, for a bundle of books received for gratuitous distribution per *Hertfordshire* from Liverpool. The captain formerly visited Honolulu.

—To Mrs. Dimond and Mrs. Sereno Bishop,—papers for gratuitous distribution.

—To Captain Oat, who has presented the Bethel with a new flag.

Another Missionary Laborer Gone.—It becomes our painful duty to chronicle the death of another worker in the missionary field,—the Rev. J. S. Green of Makawao, on the 5th ult. Owing to the delay of a promised obituary notice by a friend, we defer giving an extended notice till our next.

—Report has just been received of the death of the Rev. P. J. Gulick, which occurred in Japan. Particulars not given.

NAVAL.—Since our last, two vessels of war have arrived,—H. I. German Majesty's Ship *Elizabeth* from Yokohama on the 12th, and H. B. M. S. *Daring* from Tahiti on the 18th ultimo. Following are the officers attached to the former:

Captain von Wickede
First Officer, Korvetten Kapitain—Stubenrauch
Kapitain Lieutenants—Graf von Ranzoro, Freiherr von Bodenhausen, Diederichsen
Lieutenants zur See—Riedel, Siegel, Rosendahl, Landfermann, Gehrmann
Unter Lieutenants zur See—Gotz, Wahrendorff
Assistenz Arzt—Dr Fischer
Unter Zahlmeister—Kleybolte
Pfarrer—Fasch
Seckadets—Von Puttkamer Kittsteiner, Schroartzkopff, von Pustau

Officers of H. B. M. S. *Daring*:

Commander—John G J Hanmer
Lieutenants—Claude H. Millet, Augustus M. R. Hamilton
Navigating Lieutenant—James R. Veitch.
Staff Surgeon—William Redmond.
Paymaster—Cecil P. Walker.
Sub-Lieutenant—George V. Hegan.
Assistant Paymaster—Alfred N. C. King.
Engineers—Thomas M. Thompson, Henry Macavoy.
Gunner—John T. Newland.
Carpenter—Charles Young.
Assistant Clerk—Edwir C. Petch.

THE STATUE OF CAPTAIN COOK.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* of October 23d has the following:—"The statue of Captain Cook, which Mr. Woolner has so long been engaged upon for the government of New South Wales, will be sent to the founders in a few days, and we hear that it is not to be shown to the public in this country. The size of this statue is remarkable: it measures 13 feet 6 inches from the feet to the crown of the head, and nearly 2 feet more to the end of the uplifted arm. Thus, when placed on the pedestal already provided for its reception in Hyde Park, Sydney, the total height above the ground will not be less than 37 feet. The situation in Sydney is most happily chosen, and is so elevated that vessels, when they have entered the Heads of Port Jackson, will be able to see the statue in the distance as they work their way up to Sydney. * * In looking at the statue the impression of extraordinary size quickly fades, and the whole figure is thoroughly grasped at once. The attitude is easy, yet imposing. The great navigator has come on deck bareheaded, and has just made out the new continent showing dimly in the early morning sun. He is thus represented in the moment of a discovery which entitles Cook to rank immediately below Columbus in the list of discoverers. * * The drapery is most carefully worked; and the old-fashioned garb, with its laced coat, large-pocketed waistcoat, tight knee-breeches, and large-buckled shoes, seems to have lost its grotesqueness in the way it is here managed, and to be better suited than any other to the occasion, though the inevitable queue scarcely suits one's idea of a becoming finish to the neck."

### Information Wanted.

Respecting JAMES MARSTON, of Hampton, New Hampshire, absent from home about 25 years, and between fifty and sixty years of age. He has sailed in the ships Montezuma, William Thompson and Roman. He is known to have been several times mate of a ship. He is known to have sailed in ships out of New Bedford. One of the masters' name under whose command he sailed was Allen. Any information will be gladly received by Rev Mr Butler of New Bedford. Mrs J C Hardy of Havenhill, Mass, (box 298) or by the editor of the FRIEND.

**T. P. TISDALE, M. D.,**
**Homeopathist,**

Office and Residence, Beretania Street, between Fort Street Church and Queen Emma's. Office hours from 8 to 9 a m, 1 to 3 p m, and 6½ to 8 evenings.

☞ *Special attention given to the treatment of the Eye and Ear.*

# MARINE JOURNAL.

## PORT OF HONOLULU, S. I.

### ARRIVALS.

Dec 30—Am bk Buena Vista, Hardies, from Hilo, Hawaii.
31—Haw bk Lunalilo, Marston, 33 days from Burrard's Inlet.
31—Brit bk Madura, Stanton, 30 days fm Jarvis Island
Jan 1—Am bktne Jane A Falkinburg, Hubbard, 25 days from Astoria.
2—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, 18 dys fm Sydney
2—Haw bk R C Wylie, Schrader, 19 dys fm San Fran.
2—Am schr W F March, Dollard, 19 dys fm San Fran.
2—Am schr Jos Woolley, Briggs, 30 days from Baker's Island.
8—P M S Zealandia, Chevalier, 7 days and 9 hours fm San Francisco.
8—Brit bk Marama, Domine, from Koloa, Kauai
10—Am bk Seaver, Godfrey, 33 days from New Castle via Tahiti.
11—Haw wh brig W H Allen, Gilley, from cruise.
11—Am 3-mast schr Wm L Beebee, Eszhen, 50 days fm Newcastle
12—H I German M S Elizabeth, Capt Wickede, 24 days from Yokohama, Japan
15—French bk Auguste, Bernard, 47 dys fm Hongkong
18—H M S Daring, Com John G J Hanmer. fm Tahiti.
18—Am bk W A Holcomb, Dunton, 35 days fm Baker's Island
19—Brit bk Hertfordshire, Thompson, 153 days from Liverpool
21—Am bktn Eureka, Wallace, 33 days fm S Francisco
21—P M S Australia, Cargill, 19 days from Sydney
23—Am bktn Grace Roberts, Oleson, 32 days from San Francisco
26—Am bktn Victor, Sievert, 50 days fm Port Townsend
27—Am ship Portland Lloyds, Chase, 28 days from Baker's Island
28—Am bk Camden, Robinson, 36 days fm Port Gamble
31—P M SS City of Sydney, Dearborn, 9 days fm S F.

### DEPARTURES.

Dec. 29—Am bk Reynard, Kingman, for Fanning's Island.
Jan 2—P M S City of Sydney, Dearborn, for San Fran'co.
5—Am bktne Monitor, Emeson, for Humboldt.
5—Haw wh brig W H Allen, Gilley, to cruise.
5—Am bk Buena Vista, Hardies, for San Francisco.
8—P M S Zealandia, Chevalier, for Sydney.
8—P M S St Paul, Erskine, for San Francisco.
9—Am schr W F March, Dollard, for San Francisco.
11—Haw bk Lunalilo, Marston, for Burrard's Inlet.
14—Haw bk R C Wylie, Wolters, for Bremen
14—Am schr Jos Woolley, Briggs, for Guano Islands
16—Brit bk Madura, Stanton, for Jarvis Island
16—Am brig W H Meyer, Brown, for San Francisco
22—P M S Australia, Cargill, for San Francisco
24—Am 3-mast schr W L Beebee, Eszhen, for San Fran
24—H I M S Elizabeth, Captain Wickede, for Mazatlan
29—Am bktn Grace Roberts, Oleson, for Hilo
30—Am bk J W Seaver, Godfrey, for Tahiti

### MEMORANDA.

IMPORTANT TO MARINERS.—The following information of great importance to masters of vessels traversing the South Pacific, we find in the Sydney *Argus* of a late date:

"Captain Brown, master of the bark Oriental of this port, states that on his last voyage to Malden Island, while passing through the Kermadec Group, he found that Curtis Island was laid down 40 miles too far to the westward according to Imray's chart. Its correct position, by good observation, is in lat 11° 23' S and long 173° 33' W. Again, while taking the sun at noon on June 20, Captain Brown came upon an island not laid down in Imray's chart, and on passing to the westward to examine it, he saw the American flag flying. It proved to be Nassau Isle, which is laid down 35 miles too far west on Imray's chart of 1874. Its correct position, by good observation, is in lat 11° 33' S and long 165° 23' W. It therefore behoves any one navigating in the vicinity to keep a vigilant look-out.

REPORT OF BK HERTFORDSHIRE, R THOMPSON, MASTER.—Sailed from Liverpool Aug 15th. Experienced very heavy winds on first leaving England, and ten days after her departure sprung the bowsprit. Had very light and variable NE trade winds, and crossed the equator Sept 24th in 24° 20' W long, being 40 days out, and spoke the bark Balgounie from Glasgow towards Valparaiso, 54 days out. The SE trade winds were strong for two days, but afterwards remained very light and variable. Oct 13th, when off the Rio de la Plata, experienced heavy weather accompanied with much thunder and lightning, and on the 29th when in lat 44° 52 S long 62° 19' W, was close to a terrific whirlwind which was traveling at an unaccountable rate and hurling the water up and about in every direction. Nov 7th sighted Cape St Vincent, and next day passed through the Straits of Le Maire with a light NE wind, and found a strong current setting towards Staten Land. Nov 10th passed Cape Horn, 87 days out. On the 11th in lat 57° 16 S long 70° 59' W, passed several large icebergs, and on the 13th experienced a gale commencing at NE, increasing and veering to N, thence NW with the barometer at 29.20. Nov 14th in one and a half hours the barometer fell from 29.13 to 28.10, wind WNW blowing with hurricane force for 16 hours. Nov 16th gale decreased, barometer rising to 28.60, and wind veering to W, thence WSW and eventually blew itself out at SSW with the barometer at 29.10, after 72 hours' blow, and observations showed that the ship had been driven about 115 miles towards the eastward. Nov 17th passed two vessels which seemed to have been damaged by the late gales. After passing 80° W long had strong ENE and NE winds for four days, but owing to the weakness of the bowsprit was unable to set any head sail, which was a great impediment to the ship's sailing. Had good SE trade winds from 31° S lat 86° W long, and crossed the equator Dec 24th in long 119° 36' W, being 131 days out, carrying the trades to 6° N lat 123° W long; also had good NE trade winds from 8° N lat 126° W long to 20° N 151° W. From the latter position until we reached Oahu had nothing but light variable winds and calms, and arrived in Honolulu Jan 19th, 1878.

### PASSENGERS.

FOR FANNINGS' ISLANDS—Per Reynard, Dec 28—A J Kinney, Capt H English, A Wiggins, T C Martin, and 28 natives.

FROM SYDNEY—Per City of Sydney, Jan 2—C K Smith, C H Woolmington.

FROM GUANO ISLANDS—Per Jos Woolley, Jan 2—J W King, D Feeney, Mr McGill, and 15 natives.

FROM PORTLAND AND ASTORIA—Per Jane A Falkenburg, Jan 2—R Hobson, V Trivett, C S Wright, D Foster

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per W F March, Jan 2—Jno Cashman, L Ellibie, J A Wales, A H Edwards and wife, J Nichols, A Cameron and wife, H Joes, Jas Brigg, Geo B Barret.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per R C Wylie, Jan 2—F E Hubbard, and eight Chinamen.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of Sydney, Jan 2—G W Fogg, A P Everett, Mr Arundel, Mr Darsie, M Phillips, D S Logan, W Marierty, R Stevens, W Casacks, J Gibbons, W Greenhouse, Geo Raupp, Mrs J G Clevior, Miss H A Spalding, Mr Sheridan, E Gawler, wife and child, F Morton and wife, C W Wildman, J A Lovelace, E J Taylor, and Chinaman.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per Zealandia, Jan 8—Judge Harris, Mrs Harris and daughter, Hon S N Castle, H Cornwell and wife, J K Latham, Mrs Carson, D Manson, Mrs W C Parke, Rev J W Atherton, H W Atherton, Miss C E Cheezum, Miss Benson and maid, H A North, Mr Knight, Mrs Judd, J T Waterhouse and wife, L J David, G J Brown, J M Davidson, Capt Hobron, Miss Bowen, R T Brydon and wife, Mrs Heming and daughter, Capt Wolters, Miss V Seymour, Jas Roberts, W C Talbot and daughter, Miss Pope, Miss Burbank, F Hatch, H A Peirce, Wm Walters and 26 in the steerage.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO— Per St Paul, Jan 8—Jos Brewer, G S Wright, A Campbell, J D Spreckles and wife, A Brander, F S Pratt, Mr Blacklock, C A Fink, J P Flynn, A Strangood.

FOR SYDNEY—Per Zealandia, Jan 8—Ed Mac Donnell.

FOR JARVIS ISLAND—Per Madura, Jan 15—Mr Colson.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per W H Meyer, Jan 16—Mrs Smith, Mrs Peirce, J Enright, C Keik, Wm S Dryer, Frank Renker.

FROM SYDNEY—Per Australia, Jan 21—F Solomon, Mrs Borres, and 26 in transitu.

FROM LIVERPOOL—Per Hertfordshire, Jan 21—J Woohu, A Qucus, G Smith.

FOR SAN FRANCISCO—Per Australia, Jan 22—John Wilson, Mrs Hermings and daughter, C F Davis, Frank Reddington.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Per City of Sydney, Jan 31st—J C Glade, wife, 2 children and nurse, Mrs A F Dixon and child, J R Watson, Mrs Haalelea, Miss Pitman, C Pokrantz, Miss M C Sheppard, D K Fyfe, A P Smith, Miss M B Smith, Miss J Lyon, A F Graham, C A Chapin, Rev J R Byd and wife, Miss Boyd, J M Moss, wife, child and servant, Miss Regensberger, R Manse and wife, R W Parr, W H Starkey, Mrs J B Rubbard, Mrs M E Prayton and son, Mrs A H Spencer, J G Spencer and wife, A Bamett and wife, Dr J S Eeblemen, Miss A Smith, Mr Wolf, and 19 in the steerage.

### MARRIED.

EMERSON—ELLIOT—At St Luke's Church, Kalamazoo City, Michigan, December 26th, Dr J E EMERSON, late of these islands, to WILLIEMENA H ELLIOT, daughter of Dr L E Chapman of that city.

FERNANDEZ—DAVIS—In Makawao, Maui, December 31st, by Rev J S Green. Mr ABRAHAM P FERNANDEZ of Honolulu, to Miss MINERVA E DAVIS of Makawao.

BRIGGS—MAGUIRE.—In this city, Jan 5th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev Father Hermann. Capt ROBERT BRIGGS, of San Francisco, to Miss EUGENIA, eldest daughter of Mr. James W Maguire, of Honolulu

TINSIAN—TET SIN—In this city, January 31st, by Rev S C Damon, JOSEPH TINSIAN, of Honolulu, to LAI TET SIN, who came as passenger from China per Auguste. She was educated by the Basle missionaries of Hongkong, and has been in a mission school seven years.

### DIED.

MCDERMOTT.—In Wailuku, Maui, Dec 30th, 1877, PATRICK MCDERMOTT, the dearly beloved infant son of P McDermott, aged 7 months and 5 days. ☞ San Francisco papers please copy.

GREEN.—In Makawao, Maui, Jan 5th, Rev J S GREEN, aged 81 years.

PEARDE—In this city, January 18th, Dr H PEARDE, aged 29, late of Coromandel, New Zealand, and formerly of Akaroa, Bank's Peninsula, New Zealand. He was buried by the Fraternity of the Free Masons with the usual honors.

CRAIG—In this city, at the Queen's Hospital, January 20th, JOHN CRAIG, a native of New London, Conn, and for many years a resident of these islands. Aged 60 years.

H. E. WHITNEY J. W. ROBERTSON

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**OTHER BOOKS ON THE ISLANDS.**

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*A Summer in Norway, with notes on the Industries, Habits, Customs and Peculiarities of the People, the History and Institutions of the Country, its Climate, Topography and Productions; also an account of the Red-deer, Rein-deer and Elk.—By John Dean Caton, L.L.D., Ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois.—Chicago,—Jansen, McClurg & Co.*, 1875.

In our last issue we made a passing allusion to this book. We have since given it a thorough perusal, and find that it is a most interesting and charming book of travel. The style is clear and natural, and it does the reader's eyes good to look upon pages beautifully and neatly printed, and not one typographical error have we discovered from beginning to end. If our limits would allow we should gladly favor our readers with copious extracts, but there are several points we cannot omit to notice.

During the summer of 187– Judge Caton, accompanied by his wife and other lady-companions, voyaged to Europe and instead of following the usual routes of travel, struck away for Norway and pushed their rambles to Hammerfest, the most northern town or settlement of civilized man on our globe, lying within the Arctic circle as far north as Point Barrow within the Arctic Ocean. This is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants engaged in fishing, whaling, and the manufacture of cod-liver oil. In this region of "perpetual day" during the long days of summer, the weather is charming, while in winter, during the season of "perpetual night," the sea is open and steamers are plying in and out the harbor. The mildness of the weather is of course owing to the broad sweep of the gulf stream, which flows with its deep and warm current from the Gulf of Mexico and along the American Coast and crossing the Northern Atlantic Ocean tempers air and sea in those regions of Europe, which would otherwise be uninhabitable for civilized man.

Hammerfest is a whaling port. The business was started by a Norwegian by the name of Sven Toyen, who has made a fortune. He is said to be the most successful at present of any one engaged in the whaling business. The enterprise is prosecuted by steamers. The whales having been caught are towed into port and there tried out, and "every part of the animal which can be utilized is saved and prepared for the market." Up to the 1st of July, twenty-eight whales had been captured. The steamers cruise a hundred miles off shore.

It is quite impossible for us to follow our author's voyaging and journeying, but he and his party were everywhere welcomed with kindness, and he does not hesitate to pronounce the Norwegians the most polite people in the world. He has much to say about the Lapps, and that too in a style of narration as entertaining and instructive as can well be written.

His chapter upon the civil and political *status* of Norway is very instructive, showing how firmly they have maintained their independence under most adverse circumstances, when severed from Denmark and brought under the king of Sweden; but we cannot linger amid historical descriptive scenes as enchanting as fairy tales and as instructive as the most sober pages of history.

One historic incident we cannot omit to notice. Away back in the 17th century, when Gustavus Adolphus was king of Sweden, and Christian IV of Denmark, Col. George Sinclair of the Scottish Highlands, undertook to cross Norway with 900 of his clan to go to the assistance of the king of Sweden. They landed on the Norwegian coast and were marching in unconscious security, when the brave Scotch were completely overwhelmed by an ambushed party of Norwegians, who had placed "an immense quantity of logs and rocks" on an advantageous eminence, under which the brave Sinclair and his 900 followers would pass. At the critical moment down came the crushing mass, and not one escaped to tell the tale, any more than did one of the brave Coster's troops escape Sitting Bull and his savage followers.

But as the legendary story goes, a gallant Norwegian about to lead his fair bride to the hymenial altar, was commissioned by her to rush into the deadly affray and rescue Lady Sinclair, but the good lady mistaking his purpose shot him dead, while she experienced a similar fate. A monument to Col. George Sinclair may be seen near Storklenstad, where he fell August 26th, 1612. In reading this touching story, supported by authentic history and tradition, we were reminded of more recent events on Hawaiian shores, when a gallant Norwegian (residing on Kauai in that very region of the island which first arrested the eye of Capt. Cook just one century ago), met a fair and youthful daughter of the Sinclair clan and led her to the hymenial altar, and now they dwell together in a happy home, "with olive plants growing up around their table." It is pleasant thus to link Norwegian, Scottish and Hawaiian incidents, and the time may come when some Scott shall weave in romance scenes not only of "border warfare," but more recent events and more peaceful incidents linking lands and nations separated by half the circumference of our globe.

## Japan Correspondence.

KOBE, JAPAN, October, 1877.

*Dear Friend:*—Let me tell you of the recent spread of the gospel in this empire. We had learned from President Clark, (of whom I formerly wrote you, and whose wife is a daughter of the Rev. Wm. Richards who was of the Hawaiian mission at Lahaina) of his success with the first class of the agricultural college (fifteen or sixteen) at Sapora, which under government patronage, he had just organized. Through his influence, the Bible was made a text book on the subject of *morals*, which the government superintendent desired should be taught; and thereby the *whole class* was convinced of the truth of Christianity, and wished to be baptized. He told them he had no authority to do that, but by his advice they joined in a club or society, pledging themselves to abstain from strong drink, tobacco, and opium, and to unite with God's people when opportunity offered.

Six months or more since President Clark left, we hear that a missionary from Hakodate has been to Sapora and baptized the whole class; they are all picked men educated by the government, and will probably fill important posts.

Again we are told that far in the interior, a missionary had been invited or permitted to preach in a Buddhist temple, and that there (though obliged to speak through an interpreter) he had read and expounded three books of the New Testament to attentive audiences, of 80 to 100. At the recent dedication of a church edifice at Sanda, five persons from a considerable city fifteen or twenty miles distant, were present. One of them had repeatedly walked that distance, to attend preaching at S., bringing with him his friends, and they with others of that city have requested that some one would come monthly and preach in their city,—and it is intended this shall be done.

A request like the preceding has come to Mr. Atkinson of our mission from another quarter, and students of theology have consequently been sent thither. Quite a number of pupils in the training school spend their long vacation as colporteurs, and preach as doors are opened. Nearly a year ago, a young native from a distant region called at Mr. Atkinson's, asked for and received some portions of the Scriptures. After some months he wrote for more, and said he would pay for them, but sent no money. For a long time nothing was heard from him; but recently a letter has come from him with a little money, in which he says that his father had recently died, and afterward he himself had been very ill; he was now better and would by installments pay for the books. Moreover he said they had been read by many of his neighbors, and now they wished him to preach to them; he purposed to do so. He lives quite remote, I believe 100 miles from any missionary station. As there are readers in almost every part of Japan, and the Scriptures (especially of the New Testament) are beginning to be circulated, there is ground to hope that gospel light will spread with greatly increased velocity.

As ever and cordially yours,

P. J. GULICK.

P. S.—The civil war is ended, and the chief promoters slain in the last battle. It is said to have cost the government $38,000,000 or more. This with previous debts will be a heavy burden. P. J. G.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.


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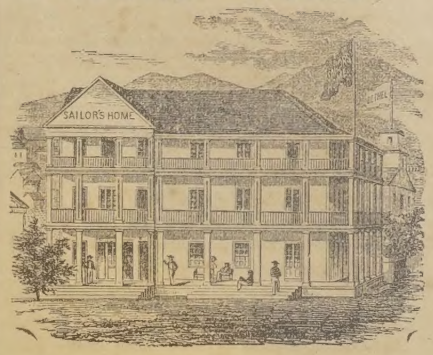

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# Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu.

*Pure religion and undefiled before God, the Father, is this:*
*To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.*

Edited by a Committee of the Y. M. C. A.

## The Whisper.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

The birds heard it, and straightly trilled it
Through meadow and copse with a will;
Down in the woodland they whistled and shrilled it
As if they would never be still.

The brook listened, and caught the measure,
Tinkling over its bed
And kept repeating at its own sweet pleasure
Sweetest words that ever were said.

The winds themselves the burden carried,
Set to the tune of the rain
And the morning stars in their courses tarried
To echo the tender strain.

Brook, birds and winds and stars a singing
The music of the spheres,
Sweeter than your melodious ringing
Was his whisper in my ears.

## Waiting for the Snow.

BY HOWARD GLYDON.

Across the leafless land we go,
The lonely leafless land!
Whose brown breast waits the leafless snow
With its concealing band

It lies and waits its shrouding time.
What thing is here amiss,
That Spring's delight and Summer's prime
Should come at last to this?

Ay, Spring's delight and Summer's prime,
And Autumn's ripened fruit,
And now, at last, a dreary clime
Where every bird is mute!

Is this the end—the end of all?
Must pleasure grow to pain?
Each birth foretells a funeral,
Each leaf must seek the plain!

'Tis not the end! 'Tis but a place,
Comes after action, rest;—
So age awaits its snowy days
To whiten brow and breast.

Ah, Mother Nature, ever true!
Ah, mother ever kind!
In truth, it giveth much to do
To follow thy sweet mind.

And ever must I love thee more,
The more I find thee out;
And now I see thee fold the poor
Bear earth in white about!

Ay, hide it with thy tender hands,
As in an ermine dress;
It rest from toil at thy commands,
Yet wears new loveliness!

And with the self-same touch imprest,
Upon the brow of age
Thou leavest the snow white seal of rest—
Sufficing heritage! —*Christian Union.*

THE Louisville Y. M. C. A., stopped an immoral exhibition by arresting all the performers.

## The Goblet.

EMERSON.

I drank delights from every cup;
Arts, institutions I drank up;
Athirst, I quaffed life's flowing bowls,
And slipped the flavors of all souls.

A sparkling cup remained for me,
The brimming fount of Family;
This I am still drinking,
Since, to my thinking,
Good wine beads here,
Flagons of cheer,
Nor laps the soul
In Lethe's bowl.
Wine of immortal power
Into my chalice now doth pour;
Prevailing wine,
Juice of the vine
Flavored of sods,
Vintage of gods;
Joyance benign
This wondrous wine
Ever at call;—
Wine maddening none,
Wine saddening none,
Wine gladdening all.
Makes love's cup ruddier glow
Genius and grace its overflow.

I drained the drops of every cup,
Times, institutions, I drank up;
Still Beauty pours the enlivening wine,
Fills high her glass to me and mine;
Her cup of sparkling youth,
Of love first found and loyal truth:
I know, again I know,
Her fill of life and overflow.

☞ The French bark Auguste, which arrived on Tuesday last, 47 days from Hongkong, brings 383 Chinese passengers, all told. An important element in this list consists of forty married couples and 20 children. Ninety of these passengers bring certificates of church membership from the Basle Mission, Hongkong, where there is a church of 1000 members. We venture to say that these passengers will prove to be the best we have ever had from China.—*P. C. A. Jan. 19th.*

## Y. M. C. A. Notes.

MONTREAL is the home of the Y. M. C. A., movement in the United States. The association of that city held its 26th anniversary Nov. 27th. Its total membership is now 973.

THE New York City Mission and Tract Society held its fifty-first anniversary Sunday evening, December 16th, in the Brick Church. Addresses were made by the Rev. A. F. Schauffler, of Olivet Chapel, Dr. John Hall, and Dr. Bevan. The society reaches, by personal visitation of its missionaries, 20,000 families, and instructs and cares for, in its Sunday School, 1500 almost destitute children. Its annual expenditure is not more than $50,000.

MEMBERS of the Boston Y. M. C. A., have started a meeting for the men of the Metropolitan Horse Railroad in the Skating Rink Sunday mornings at 9 o'clock. The effort promises much good.

AS AN inducement to the ungodly to enter upon a life of religious observance, an Edgartown (Mass.) man offers a chromo to any person in that place attending church service every Sunday morning for the next six months.

THE Y. M. C. A. at Dunedin, New Zealand, has increased its membership during the past two years from 160 to 300. Special attention is given to emigrants on their arrival at Port Chalmers, and invitations extended to them to visit the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

THERE was a recent service held on Sabbath evening at the Moody Tabernacle at Boston under the auspices of the Y. M. C. Association. After a praise meeting of half an hour led by the united Tabernacle choir under the conduct of Prof. Tourjee, Rev. L. W. Munhall, D. D., of Indiana, preached and Mr. Geo. C. Stebbins sang several of the Gospel Hymns. An audience of five thousand was present.

MERIDEN, Conn., is rejoicing in the completion of a building erected by the Y. M. C. A. Half the cost, $40,000, was paid by the citizens. It is four stories high, and the rental for stores, offices, etc., will bring in quite a revenue. A first-class five cent dining saloon, on the Joshua Barley plan, has been opened. The association has had for nine years a thrifty Mission School and has sustained a daily prayer meeting for nearly six years.

IN all Protestant countries on the Continent, confirmation at the age of fourteen or sixteen is either obligatory, or at least very general. Much attention is now being paid to the question of how the young men who have just been confirmed may be brought under the influence of the Y. M. C. A. The Association at Geneva sends a special circular, together with a card of admission, to each "Cathchumene," just previous to the confirmation. At Lausaune, the youngest members of the Association meet those about to be confirmed in the presence of the Minister, and give to each a personal invitation to the next meeting of the association after the confirmation. At other places the Minister himself urges the young men to attend the meetings of the association, or takes them there himself and introduces them to the members.